

Literary & Musical MAGAZINE.

No. 12, Music Series.]

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22, 1819.

[Museum, No. 22. Vol. III.]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY,

BY H. C. LEWIS, AT 272 MARKET STREET.

[By our Letter Box.]

THE ISOLATED LOVERS. A NOVEL.

Extracted from a late French work, for this paper.

"'Cruel father,' I exclaimed, 'it is now six months since separated from her—I have been dying of despair.'

"For eight days, every search for her had proved fruitless—Moina was gone—no one knew whither. Inflamed to madness as I was, I exclaimed with an authoritative tone of frantic grief and despair, 'Cruel parents! unworthy of such a daughter! Have I been permitted to return only because Moina has been banished from the village?'

"Much alarmed at the violence of my manner, and the impassioned tone with which I spoke, my father, and the parents of Moina, attempted to calm the distraction of my mind, and to give me that consolation they so much needed themselves.

"So soon as I was certain that Moina was not in the village, I quitted it, and wandered in gloomy sadness around its neighbourhood. I was no longer the timid and docile child I had been;—My friends, attempted in vain to detain me; I burst from them—I ascended the rock which had been the scene of our innocent pleasures—I kissed it with transport, and as if it were capable of answering, I called on it to restore me my lost Moina. It was now night, and I still continued my wanderings. I wished for consolation, but to whom could I apply? I saw only traducers and enemies in that tranquil village, which was the cradle of my infancy. I proceeded towards the hamlet of Cloris—I felt a ray of hope, but I dreaded the inquiry I was so desirous to make. I hastened my steps, and had just overtaken some shepherds who

No. 22.

lagged behind their companions, when a young girl rose from the brink of a fountain, came running towards me with every mark of extreme agitation, and the strongest interest.

"It was Cloris—we inquired of each other at the same moment for Moina. My heart felt oppressed with the deepest despair. Cloris, then with the most friendly solicitude, endeavoured to prevail on me to go with her to her father's cottage, but I obstinately persisted in my refusal. Finding me determined, she used every means that the most delicate friendship could suggest to console me, though she was compelled to acknowledge, that the next day after the avalanche, on visiting the spot so much frequented by Moina, and finding the mill gone, and every thing around thrown into such a fearful state of desolation, she felt a violent shivering seize her whole frame, and a mournful presentiment that her friend was no more.

"I did not wait to hear any thing further. An unaccountable impulse, hurried me back to the scene of desolation.

"The moon was now just rising, and her pale beams shed a pale and uncertain light over the ground, which was, on all sides, covered with snow. I was unable to distinguish, with certainty, a single object, and no longer doubted that Moina was dead, that her lovely form was buried beneath those piles of ruin.

"Determined, however, to explore the spot, I furnished myself with a sharp pointed pole. Despair had given me a degree of strength and vigour which I had never before experienced. Occupied in my search, I every moment fancied that I had discovered the body of my mistress beneath the heaps of ice.

"Each moment did my terrified imagination impel me towards piles of snow, presenting, at every glance, the pallid corpse of the beloved Moina, to my bewildered eyes.

Vol. III.

"In this state of mental agitation, I pursued my mournful search, unconscious whither it led me; till, at length, I found myself on the brink of the torrent. It was the same place, where six months before, we had succeeded in saving Cloris. In this state of frantic despair, my eyes explored without terror the frightful abyss, which I had now resolved, should bury at once, all my misfortunes and all my griefs.

"I retain but a confused recollection of what happened at this important juncture. I indistinctly remember, that, when hurried away by the current, and stopped by the obstructions that choaked the passage, I at length surmounted them, and found myself almost senseless, on a bed of pebbles covered with ice. My limbs were so much bruised in my struggles through the narrow passage, that I could scarcely move hand or foot. My senses were confused—I could discern nothing distinctly—all my faculties were bewildered; and, for a time, I fancied myself in the abodes of death and eternal night.

"A low noise at length, aroused me from my insensibility—I arose with difficulty and trembling;—A shade appeared to extend itself before me, and my fear-appalled bosom experienced new terrors. But, O, Heavens! how great, how unutterable my transports, when I discovered it was Moina! who in the full possession of life, pressed me to her bosom, restored me with her animating breath, and warmed my cold cheeks with overflowing tears of joy! Not the palaces of kings, nor the throne of Olympus, could afford me such transporting exstasy as did this fortuitous discovery of the icy tomb of Moina.

"In a voice broken with sobs, she pronounced my name. We were on the brink of the water. A feeble glimmering of light was reflected from its surface, which just permitted me to distinguish the lovely features of her for whom I had shed so many tears.

"From the ground floor of the mill, where we were, I followed my lovely conductor to the large room above, that contained the grinding stones and hopper, which had now become still and useless. A narrow streak of light, which glimmered through a small chink in the superincumbent mass, by its contrasted splendor, served only to show us the dreary darkness and solitude by which we

were surrounded. Here, seated by the side of Moina, I clasped her in transport to my arms, while I rapturously exclaimed, 'This solitary spot, when with you Moina, shall be all the world to me.'

"My companion, my friend, thou brother of my childhood—I feel like you—secluded from the society of mankind, alone with you, and conscious of being beloved by you, my heart possesses all it wishes.'

"As she said this, I gazed on her with rapture. Her eyes were overflowing with the tears of genuine sentiment and sincere affection.

"He can have but a faint idea of happiness, who has not, like me, been secluded from all intercourse with the world, with the single object of his affections. How unjust are they who affirm, there is no such thing as happiness on earth! Surely, such can have never loved. In the extremity of wretchedness, on the very brink of despair, if you possess a heart of sensibility, which can mingle its feelings with those of a beloved object, the injustice of the world, and the rage of the elements, will be equally disregarded.—Nor can they, without depriving you of life, eradicate from your own bosom, those virtuous and endearing sentiments, which are of themselves, sufficient to stamp an invaluable worth on our existence.

"The friendly ray too soon disappeared, and was succeeded by intense darkness, which continued till the dawn of morning, when we were better enabled to distinguish the objects around us.

"Moina informed me, that she had been surprised in this retired place, (whither she sometimes came for the purpose of writing to me,) by the sudden fall of the avalanche. A few minutes before the accident, the woman who kept the mill, had gone into the garden belonging to the house. As no information had been received of her during six days, we were convinced she had been buried under the masses of ice which had fallen from the mountain. Moina wept for a long time the fate of this poor woman, who was a widow, and whose sons were in the army of the king of Sardinia, then at war with the French republic.

"For the first eight days of her dreary imprisonment, Moina had found sufficient provision, to support her mournful existence. I now proceeded to examine the building, with a view to

ascertain what remained. Fortunately, I found the mill well provided with what was necessary to our subsistence. Though we were destitute of fire, I gave myself no trouble for the future—I thought only of the present moment, and my imagination was solely occupied in diversifying the pleasures which the society of Moina afforded me.

“One day, I went to the ground floor, resolved to ascertain if it was practicable to escape from our prison by means of the sluice. All my attempts proved vain. The force of the current repulsed me with violence, and the channel was choked by heaps of gravel washed down by the torrent, which rendered that passage wholly impracticable.

“The happiness I had hitherto enjoyed in this seclusion, was now disturbed by the fear I felt, chiefly on Moina’s account, lest our means of subsistence would fail before we should be able to effect our escape. Yet carefully endeavoured to disguise the anxiety and apprehensions which I suffered, and to conceal those tears, with which tenderness and love so frequently moistened my cheeks. But in vain were my attempts to hide from her my inquietude—Her heart responding to mine, but too well read its inmost thoughts. ‘What!’ said she to me one day, with a sweet smile, and the most interesting tone of voice, ‘You are with me, and yet you are unhappy—You are innocent, you are at a distance from the corrupting society of mankind—Why then should you dread misfortune? He who overthrows mountains, spares the heart of the just—He has given you to find Moina, as it were, in the grave, and life in the midst of death;—We have sufficient in this building wherewith to subsist ourselves for a considerable length of time—we are certain of living here unmolested and alone; and, at the worst, we may here have, at least the satisfaction of dying together. The time when I most sensibly felt misfortune was, that, when buried amidst those ruins, I said to myself,—He whom alone I love, is without Moina, a solitary being among millions of his fellow creatures. If you are wanting in courage to support our situation, it will with me be an equal cause of complaint, as if you had ceased to love me. Either, is in you a crime. Are your fears excited on my account? Learn better to estimate her who loves you. Her courage rests

on your constancy and love—she knows that the wretched alone have cause to fear. We shall doubtless, some day, again behold our hills and our flocks—again press to our bosoms our parents, heretofore so blinded by their prejudices, and they will blush at the injustice they have done us. But what do I say? No—they will not blush—they will forget their unkindness, and will call us their children—they will shed tears of affection and joy on witnessing our happiness, after having so bitterly wept our deaths.

[To be continued.]

S. T. PIERE.

DISPOSITIONS

OF

EMINENT MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

Gluck, in order to warm his imagination, and to transport himself to Anlis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him, and a bottle of Champagne by his side, he wrote his two Iphigenias, his Orpheus and other works. Sarti, on the contrary, required a spacious dark room, dimly illuminated by the light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the most solemn hours of night, that he could summon musical ideas.—Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently in a single night he wrote the subject of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends.—Sacchina could not write a passage, unless his wife was at his side, and his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were playing about him.—Paesiello composed in bed. It was between the sheets he planned ‘the Barber of Seville;’ the ‘Molinara;’ and so many other *chef d’œuvres* of ease and gracefulness. After reading a passage in some Holy Father, or Lattin classic, Zinganeli would dictate his music.—As for Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, putting upon his finger the ring which Frederick II. had sent him, and which, he said, was necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from terrestrial cares, and often said he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.

Jesu, Savior of my soul.

The musical score is written for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The melody is primarily in the Soprano part, with the Alto and Bass parts providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the Soprano staff.

Jesu! savior of my

soul! Let me to thy re - fuge fly, While the

near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is nigh; Hide me

Oh! my sa - vior hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe in-



to the ha-ven guide, Oh! re - ceive, oh! receive, Oh! receive my soul at last.



II.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me no talone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

THE BASSOON PLAYER.

"You are no gentleman" as the bassoon-player said to the bull—was an expression of Dick Frazier's, and is taken from the story of a Lancashire bassoon-player, who having stayed late at a public house after a village oratorio, and of course, moistened his clay, departed for his residence, which lay at some distance. The night was dark, and going through a pasture field, he chanced to approach the vicinity of a bull, who hailed the appearance of the son of Apollo, by a hollow, sonorous grumble. The enraptured admirer of sweet sounds mistaking this noise for the note of a brother performer, immediately accepted the challenge—took out his bassoon—and exclaimed with true scientific pomposity, "Sound your A sir." The bull, not versed in the rudiments of time and tune, preferred an immediate crash; for coming behind the bassoon-player, he placed his horns to the seat of honor, and very deliberately tossed him over the hedge. When the enraged musician rose upon his seat, he exclaimed in Stentorian tones, "I'll tell you what sir, you are neither a musician nor a gentleman, by——."

ANECDOTES.

Many years ago, in Connecticut, a certain justice was called to a jail, to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth five pounds. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, as he entered "can you swear you are not worth five pounds, and never will be?" "Why"—answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear I'm not worth that sum at present." "Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest; so step forward, Johnny."

A young lad, who afterwards became celebrated for his wit, was bound out as an apprentice at an early age. On a spring morning that was somewhat chilly, he hovered round the fire, and discommoded his good mistress who was employed in getting breakfast. "What," said she, "are you cold? Only listen: Don't you hear the frogs singing?" "Singing!" returned the boy, with some disdain, and more self-importance, "it is only their teeth chattering."

There is an odious spirit in many persons, who are better pleased to detect a fault than commend a virtue.

LITERARY AND MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22, 1819.

LENT.

At this particular season, set apart by the religious of all denominations, tho less observed by some than others, for the practise and imitation of the virtues and piety of their blessed Redeemer, we have deemed it our duty to devote this No. of our paper to pious melody, selected by an amateur as one among the many beautiful passages to be found in the Sacred Archives. By thus interrupting the rage of taste for nothing but Philipps's Songs, with the occasional introduction of "grateful notes," we hope the indulgence of such persons who resolve *never* to be *grave*: However, *they* will still find among the usual variety, a bill of fare suited to their palate—in the lively sallies of our correspondent, "Andrew," who, by the title he has assumed, is without doubt, one of their number.

MR. PHILIPPS is now playing in New-York, where he has made an engagement for four nights—his third appearance is on this evening—he may therefore be shortly expected in this city.

Gales & Seaton, editors of the *Intelligencer*, have been appointed printers to both Houses of Congress, under a new act, passed the last day of the session.

A new weekly paper is commenced in New-York, by T. W. Cummings, called "The Star in the West, or Masonic Chronicle." It is declared to be "especially devoted to Masonry." It is handsomely printed, and the selections are judicious.

A play-bill of Haymarket theatre, of the 21st Dec. announces, among other entertainments, select scenes from the Merchant of Venice and Richard the Third—the parts of King Ricard and Shylock by MISS Clara Fisher! "This is the very error of the moon."

[By our Letter Box.]

THE HUMBUG SOCIETY.

No. I.

It is much better to laugh than to weep, was always my doctrine, notwithstanding the repeated sentiments of my father to the contrary. He being a worthy member of the church, preferred the house of mourning to the place of gladness; and yet, when he set forth the brevity of life, and expatiated upon the uncertainty of fortune, it always struck me that a man had much better employ the

few days of his life in merriment than sorrow; for what avails sorrow in the end? It rather helps to shorten the little life allotted us, and deprive us of every enjoyment in this world. Whenever a man accustoms himself to wear a gloomy phiz, he becomes a burthen to his neighbors, and is excluded from all societies but the methodistical; for my part I have preferred mirth to gravity, and good humour to the *sulks*. Tho some of our wise elders abuse laughter, yet I cannot forbear thinking that when a man throws his sour dignity aside, he appears much more to advantage than when he is knitting his iron muscles together. Being upon the topic of laughter, I must beg leave to make a few observations upon so laughable a subject. According to my philosophical opinion of the business, laughter has four degrees:—it originates first with a smile, and nothing surely becomes a female face so much when properly applied, as this sweet token of affability and good humor; from a smile it proceeds to a titter. The learned entertain various sentiments upon this; it has been contended that a titter on account of its chattering noise is both disagreeable and unbecoming; others insist that nothing can be a greater sign of pleasantry, that it is of frequent utility to conversation, for without occasional titters it would be impossible for us to mark our approbation, or fill up a vacuum. It proceeds afterwards to a grin: now I must allow if a grin is net properly managed it certainly bears the appearance of idiotism, and may therefore be prejudicial to our character. From these three, a laugh is derived, which when carried to an excess is usually called a roar or horse-laugh, esteemed by some vulgar, but to every merry Andrew quite common. It is certainly bad to repress a good thing often, of course continual laughter I acknowledge is ridiculous; tho beautiful as a smile is to the countenance of a female, yet a lady always smiling will disgust. Having thus far given a short treatise upon laughter as a preface to my undertaking, I think it is now time to inform the reader, who I am, and what I am about.

First then—who I am—a merry Andrew—for I was christened Andrew, as my godfathers and godmothers say, and on account of my partiality for mirth, and inclination to be humorous, I acquired the additional title of *merry*, in imitation I think of former times, it being common to distinguish characters thus for their different qualities;

for instance, we read of *pious Æneas*, called pious on account of his filial virtue, and other heroes and kings who have attained the epithets of *brave, fierce &c.* according to their deserts. Having thus far accounted for *merry* being prefixed to *Andrew*, the reader may expect that I will add when and where I was born, but herein the reader will be disappointed, as really I do not remember; and not being so presuming as other authors, who pretend to give every memorial of their lives, I must request the indulgence of my company to permit me only to say what I *do* know. In respect to what I am, the answer is---A mad, hair-brain, unthinking youth, fond of mischief from my cradle, (as I have been informed by my nurse) addicted to sport, and generally on the broad grin. I was always playing tricks upon my father and mother; when the former would be taking his nap, I would frequently fasten his bob-wig to the arm-chair, so that if any one awoke him, pop went his bald head into their face. I have made the peas jump out of the pot, to the great surprise of my mamma. As to the servants, I was always frightening them by wonderful stories and curious contrivances, for which purpose I made frequent use of phosphorus, and fastened strings to all the bells. Nor could even the neighbors escape, especially any that would tell tales of me to my father, and abuse me for my pranks and humor. There was one old surly dog that was continually complaining of me, of course I was continually vexing him. His name was Ross, but one morning very early I took the opportunity of placing the letter C before it, which so exceedingly incensed him, that he went about the neighborhood, exclaiming that the rogue Andrew had made him *cross*. This confession gave me no small entertainment, and another morning I tied a furious cat to the knocker of his street-door; the servants soon came, but terrified at the wild looks of Grimalkin, they all ran away to inform their master; at last I perceived him at a distance, who was a spectator of the scene in doleful dumps. I did not a little enjoy this humor, but lost a great deal of fun by the departure of this neighbor; it was reported that I drove him away. It would be impossible to enumerate all the little whimsical actions of my youth---this much will surely suffice to let the reader see who and what I am, and therefore I proceed to the second place---what I am about.

I am at present about laughing at the follies of mankind; for I love fun, and therefore intend to make fun of all those extravagant characters which every day we may behold; nor do I unassisted attempt this arduous task. I belong to a Humbug Society, which consists of several young men of my own disposition---all *bloody*---lads of life and frolic. There are several Irish men among us; one in particular, who has frequently persuaded us, when the town was dull, to go out, kill a few *Dandies*, and thus put some life in it. No person can be admitted among us that has not been previously humbugged; and whenever the society meets, who does not in the course of the evening humbug some one or other, receives a reprimand from the president; should this happen twice running, the inevitable consequence is an exclusion. However, when a gentleman is read out of the society, he is generally admitted immediately afterwards; he being only *humbugged*, of course he gives a large bowl of punch, and if it should happen that he leaves the president to pay for it, he is reckoned a very clever fellow, having played tit for tat, and humbugged the captain of humbuggers. But as I dare say the reader is curious for an account of one of our admissions, which will certainly give him a better idea of this society, I shall make it the object of my second number.

MERRY ANDREW.

[To be Continued.]

THE NEW MONUMENT BY CHANTREY.

This beautiful and affecting piece of statuary, is placed at the extremity of the south-west aisle, running parallel with the new Choir of the Cathedral.---The figures repose on the representation of a mattress, with a pillow at the head, supported on a plain monument; the whole cut from a block of fine white marble. On the entablature is an inscription, sacred to the memory of very pious and universally beloved parents and their three only children! Prose cannot so well describe the effect, as the following beautiful and chaste lines:

Soft, as when faintly from the evening sky
The rainbow steals, and bitter tempests cease,
Fading from beauty to eternity
Recline these forms of gentleness and peace.
The softly twining arm---the leaning head
By fondness couch'd---the sacred calm that throws,

Its Halcyon spell, around the holy bed
Where loveliness and innocence repose.
Oh they are more than art---I see the breath
Fan those pure lips---the hov'ring smile I see
Hang on those brows, and cannot deem that death
Could hold them thus entranced so tenderly.

In confirmation of the foregoing verses, it may be added, that the beauty of the thought consists in the conveyance of the idea of a serene anticipation of Heaven---a gentle, satisfied, half-smiling resignation of innocent being.

WANTED,

A person to collect subscribers to this work, and some others, now publishing. A liberal per centage will be allowed. Apply at this office.

"THE HIVE."

A liberal price will be given for a complete copy of "*The Hive, or Repository of Literature*," a weekly paper published by H. C. Lewis, in the City of Washington, in 1809-10, if sent to the Editor, No. 272 Market street, or 164 S. Eleventh.

MUSIC FOR SALE CHEAP, At No. 272 Market Street,

(Between Eighth and Ninth):

Also at 164 S. Eleventh street,

(Between Walnut and Spruce):

"The Heart of Charity," a new Masonic song,
written by H. C. Lewis;

"Isabel, my love," by the same;

"Is there a Heart that never loved?"

"Tho Love is warm awhile,"

"Ah! sure a Pair was never seen,"

"Bewildered Maid,"

"Love's Young dream,"

As sung by Mr. Philipps;

"Sailor's Last Whistle,"

"Bruce's Address to the Army,"

As sung by Mr. Incledon;

"Whilst with Village Maids I stray,"

Sung by Mrs. De Luce.

"We shall live together, Laddie,"

A favourite Scotch air, &c.

"Blow, blow, ye winter's winds, or Man's Ingratitude," a favorite song by Dr. Arne;

"Jesu! savior of my soul;"

PRICE 12½ Cents, each.

Music and Literature.

NOW PUBLISHING,

THE LADY'S & GENTLEMAN'S WEEKLY LITERARY & MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

This paper is regularly published every Monday, neatly printed in quarto. A part, not exceeding two pages, is always devoted to a popular piece of MUSIC, executed with types, in an improved manner; which, for appearance and correctness may vie with any printed in the usual mode. The remaining portion of the paper is occupied with useful and entertaining miscellany, original and selected.

Several numbers of the 'Music Series,' are now before the public; by which ladies and gentlemen may judge of the merits of the work now offered for their support by subscription.

TERMS.—One dollar per quarter, in advance. (For this sum, subscribers obtain, besides the literary entertainment, thirteen perfect pieces of music, which, at the usual retail price, would cost them three dollars and twenty-five cents!)

Any person who will make known to the editor a disposition to act as an agent for the receipt of subscriptions, in or out of the city, shall be entitled to the paper without any charge.

Subscriptions received by the editor, H. C. Lewis, No. 164, S. Eleventh-street, near Locust, and at his printing office, No. 272, Market-st. between Eighth and Ninth-streets; also, at the Book-stores of D. Hogan, Market, near Sixth-street, and W. Charles, S. Third, near Chesnut-street.

Orders from distant parts, addressed to H. C. Lewis, 272 Market-st. post-paid, and enclosing not less than one dollar, will be attended to immediately.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1819.

PRINTERS who publish the above, shall be paid with copies of the work—one volume for every six monthly insertions.

THE WEEKLY MUSICAL VISITOR.

H. C. LEWIS proposes to publish, by subscription, a periodical work entirely devoted to Music, under the above title, in Weekly Numbers; a No. to consist of Two Folio Pages, on a sheet of superior paper, and be delivered to subscribers every Wednesday, for One Dollar and a Half per Quarter.

Subscriptions received at this office, 272 Market-street, and also at 164 south Eleventh-st. where specimens of the work may be seen. The Music advertised above, will constitute the first numbers.